

Althe Thornton Evans



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# ALICE THORNTON ADAMS

1887-1908

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*“ To those who knew thee not, no words can paint  
And those who knew thee, know all words are faint ”*

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Printed at The Riverside Press  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.  
1908





In Loving Memory  
OF  
Alice Thornton Adams  
BELOVED DAUGHTER OF  
CHARLES THORNTON ADAMS  
AND  
ALICE HANKS ADAMS

BORN SEPTEMBER 9, 1887, AT 12 TRINITY PLACE  
WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

DIED JANUARY 29, 1908, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE  
MORNING, AT GROSVENOR HOUSE, GROSVENOR  
SQUARE, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND



## DESCENT

### ADAMS FAMILY

THE ancestor of this family was HENRY ADAMS, of Braintree (Quincy), Mass. He came from England, and is said to have arrived in Boston, Mass., with his wife, eight sons, and a daughter, in 1632 or 1633. Charles I., in 1629, granted 40 acres of land in Massachusetts to Thomas Adams, who was an Alderman, High Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London. It is said that Henry Adams was a brother of Thomas, and took up the latter's grant. President John Adams erected a monument to the memory of Henry Adams in the old churchyard at Quincy, with the following inscription: —

"In memory of Henry Adams, who took his flight from the Dragon persecution in Devonshire, England, and alighted with eight sons near Mt. Wollaston. One of the sons returned to England, and after taking time to explore the country, four removed to Medfield, and two to Chelmsford. One only, JOSEPH, who lies here at his left hand, remained here — an original proprietor in the township of Braintree."

President John Quincy Adams dissented from his father's opinion that Henry Adams came from Devonshire, and gave his opinion that Braintree, Essex County, England, was the place of origin. This opinion seems to have been based largely on the fact that Braintree, Mass., was settled by Hooker's company, which was made up from Braintree, Chelmsford, and other villages of Essex County, England.

JOSEPH<sup>2</sup> ADAMS, who, in the epitaph to Henry Adams, is referred to as he "who lies here at his left hand, an original proprietor in the township of Braintree," was born in England in 1626, and was married in Braintree, Mass., in 1650, to Abigail Baxter. They had twelve children, the second of whom, born in 1654, was also named JOSEPH<sup>3</sup>. He was a selectman in Braintree, and served in the war with the Indians in 1676. Samuel Adams, the Patriot, was descended from Joseph<sup>2</sup> Adams, through his son, Captain John Adams.

Joseph<sup>3</sup> Adams was married three times. By his second wife, Hannah Bass, he had ten children, the first of whom, named JOSEPH<sup>4</sup>, was born in 1688, graduated from Harvard College in 1710, was ordained a minister, and settled at Newington, N. H., in 1715, where he remained as pastor for 66 years. John Adams, second President of the United States, was a son of Deacon John Adams, brother of Rev. Joseph Adams.

From Rev. Joseph Adams the descent of this branch of the Adams family was through Benjamin (1728), James (1752), Benjamin (1779), Charles W. (1813), and Charles Thornton (1856).

### THORNTON FAMILY

The ancestor was Hon. Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence for the State of New Hampshire, who was born near Londonderry, Ireland, in 1714.

The descent was through:

Hannah Thornton (1774).

Thornton McGaw (1779).

Annie Thornton McGaw, wife of Charles W. Adams (1828).

Charles Thornton Adams (1856).

### HANKS FAMILY

This family was of English origin, the ancestor being Thomas Hanks of Malmesbury, Wiltshire, England, who was also the ancestor of Nancy Hanks, mother of President Abraham Lincoln.

The descent was through Benjamin Hanks, who served in the war of the American Revolution, in the Lexington Alarm, and under General Putnam in 1775.

The immediate descent was through Alice Kent Hanks, wife of Charles Thornton Adams.





By day there  
is always  
a loving  
streak of  
sunshine  
some where  
among the  
tree-tunks;  
by night  
a star  
above."

(Reproduction of Alice's handwriting)





## Alice Thornton Adams

“How beautiful is the memory of the dead! What a holy thing it is in the human heart, and what a chastening influence it sheds upon human life! How it subdues all the harshness that grows up within us in the daily intercourse with the world! How it melts our unkindness, softens our pride, kindles our deepest love, and awakens our highest aspirations!”

“There’s gladness in remembrance” of such a life, even though it is mingled with great sorrow. Alice will never be forgotten by those who knew her, and her sweet influence will always continue to be felt. She won the love of many friends, and the admiration and esteem of the entire community in which she lived. The deep feeling of loss at her death was widespread. Loving tributes to her came from many friends, in many places. The beauty of her character was spoken of, in feeling words, by the Rector of her Church, at the close of the morning service on the Sunday after her death.

The story of her sweet life can be read from the following words of sorrowing friends:—

“Very many dear friends have passed on lately, but none so young, so dear, so beautiful as Alice:

perhaps too good for earth, she is transplanted to bloom in heaven. How we miss the cheery spirit, so companionable, so appreciative, affectionate, able to adapt herself to all ages, which is unusual in one so young.”

F. W.

“Alice in her imperishable youth, with the bloom of her unending beauty shrined in your heart — you will always keep. All who came in contact with her realized the intensity of her nature which left her peculiarly exposed to life. But she still grows. Nothing can take the memory of those beautiful blessed years from the home she loved.”

A. C. D.

“We called dear Alice young, still, I am sure that she lived double the amount her years counted, and happy, happy years too, for you and many, many others have always been most devoted to this queen we all loved. I find great pleasure in looking back to those days of her babyhood and childhood when I saw so much of her, and I cannot be too grateful for the few days she tarried here last summer. She was such a charming, sweet invalid that we loved to care for her and receive her thanks, which were always ready. Few in the same length of time could have bequeathed us so many pleasant memories.

“Last summer (1907) she reminded me of the ‘wide-awake naps’ she used to take while I was putting pockets into her dresses as a reward for

trying to rest. Her little mind and heart, even in those days, were too busy — no wonder she came to her long rest sooner than we could have wished.”

E. H.

“I know what the loss of your lovely Alice means to you. I think of her as I first knew her in Trinity Place as my first baby love, and then a little later when it made me so happy to be ‘Arno’ in that dear baby voice. And then as years passed and we were separated I was sorry not to be near enough to be still one of the favorites, but was so glad to see the lovely, exquisite girl at Mrs. Johnson’s (1906) and to be asked for as ‘Mamma’s friend.’ I had asked who that lovely girl was, and yet I should have known her.”

H. B. T.

“Alice in her short life was a beautiful example, and her beauty and charm can never be forgotten. Her life was ideal.”

C. T. C.

“There are few people of whom every one was so universally fond as of Alice.”

E. D. B.

“She was so sweet, so handsome, so womanly.”

R. A. S.

“Alice will always be remembered by all of us as the dearest girl in the world. Always so kind and dear to every one.”

C. R.

"Alice had such a vital, warm, sunny personality that it must stay on and bless all who loved her. Her life will continue to radiate a sense of joy and nearness to the many who found her so sweet and lovable."

M. C. M.

"And dear Alice, how sweet and kind she always was to older people, and what a pleasure it was to see her."

C. B. H.

"I love to remember Alice's sweet, happy disposition and charming cordiality."

E. C.

"I never saw a girl who was so beloved by both old and young as Alice. I put her in a place very deep down in my heart, and her beautiful memory will help in many hard places in life."

M. G.

"I never knew a girl with so beautiful a character, so kind toward every one, and with such a wonderful future before her. She had such a great influence upon my life that her memory will always be sacred to me, and her influence will still continue."

T. C.

"I cannot realize that the youth and the sweetness and the gentle spirit that we all loved so much have been transplanted."

L. B.



“You can recall a life of rare loveliness and this memory will always be precious to you.”

E. B. H.

“I always think of Alice as a beautiful flower, and it was a joy and privilege to have seen and known her. We have all felt this winter (1907) as if Montclair had lost much of its joy and beauty, but her sweet spirit will always be felt, and her memory associated with all that is lovely.”

A. M. G.

“It is impossible to realize that we shall never see the radiant, beautiful Alice among us any more.”

J. R. F.

“You know how your Alice appealed to me — how underneath that unusual charm and fascination which were hers, I found an intelligence which I found in few of the girls who were with me in school.”

H. McP.

“What a comfort it must be to feel that the soul which was loaned to you, you could return so pure, so beautiful, so innocent, to God, its maker!”

C. E. W.

The loving friends have spoken many kind words of Alice, and have described a character of great beauty, but they did not know all her fine traits of character. Only those to whom the great

privilege was granted of accompanying this beautiful and brave spirit through her earthly pilgrimage, and who walked hand in hand with her through the battle of Life and into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, could know all the greatness of soul and beauty of character which were hers.

The pathway of Alice's life lay in pleasant places, ever increasing in beauty and happiness. Her own fine qualities, and the love and devotion of many relatives and friends served to make her life one of unusual happiness. She was not without her trials, deeper and more severe than usually fall to the lot of one so young, and as she rose triumphant over them all she acquired that wonderful strength and depth of character which enabled her to crown a life of rare beauty with a death of wonderful nobility.

One of her most marked characteristics was absolute loyalty.

A favorite creed of hers was:—

*“Think truly, and thy thought shall the world's  
famine feed;  
Speak truly, and thy word shall be a fruitful  
seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be a grand and  
noble creed.”*

Another marked characteristic was unselfishness. She was ever forgetful of self and thoughtful of others. There were many instances of this throughout her life, and especially during the last sad days, when she bore her burden so bravely and uncomplainingly and saved her parents all she could.

She had a high ideal of life, and exerted a great influence for good. It was her great desire to lead a noble and useful life.

There was no spirit of jealousy or envy in her, and she was always satisfied with what she had.

She thoroughly appreciated all that was done for her. Some of these characteristics appear from the following letters of her childhood, written at Pittsford, Vermont, in June, 1898.

DEAR PAPA, — Why dont you write me a letter. You must come up forth of July. Bring a wooden box of fire-crackers like the box you brought last year, 20 packages of torpetoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. giant crackers and a cannon to put my fire-crackers in

Your loving

PAL.

P. S. I have a head-ache and have to hurry so the post-man can have it. Excuse writing to-day.

A. A.

DEAR PAPA, — We are having a fine time. I think that Pittsford is a dandy place. I am writing this letter on a hay-cock. I can't have much this 4th of July, but have 7 bunches of fire-crackers and a toy pistol and some caps to put in it. I just killed a little red spider on this paper. This morning Mr. Poreau came out with a pitchfork and Kenneth said, "Oh! Never mind that hay, Jock, I'll tend to it." And when we went bathing this morning Mr. Poreau asked him who was going with him he said, "Oh! the Kids." Really, Mamma, Helen and I were going.

I want you to come soon and bring Mr. Moore.

Your loving

PAL.

She had a great love of home. 12 Trinity Place, West New Brighton, was dear to her as the place of her birth, but her last home, at 43 Highland Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey, she loved above all others. In this beautiful home on the mountainside, Alice grew from childhood into girlhood, and to young womanhood, surrounded by those whom she loved and who loved her, with everything to interest and delight her. Here she attained the fullness of her life, with all of its beauty and nobility.

From Alice's earliest years her mother's home at 387 Harvard Street, Cambridge, was hallowed with sacred memories for her. Here, on June 26, 1888, she was christened by her grandfather, Rev. Stedman Wright Hanks. Alice spent many happy days in Cambridge, where all that love





















and devotion could do was done for her by her relatives and friends. Alice's grandmother had a particularly deep love and admiration for her, and the association with such a noble woman served in a large degree to give Alice her strength and nobility of character.

Another place filled with pleasant associations for Alice, and which she often spoke of as the "dearest place in the world," was Clifton. Here she followed in her mother's footsteps, and like her, from childhood up, grew to love the sea and the rock-bound shore of old Massachusetts. A warm welcome always awaited Alice in the summer home of her mother's family at Clifton, and no place had dearer memories for her. It was these memories which led her to write the following words in her book of quotations:—

#### "THE OCEAN

"A faint, low murmur, rising and falling. Now it comes rolling in upon me wave after wave, of sweet, solemn music. There was a grand organ swell; and now it dies away as into the infinite distance; but I still hear it — whether ear or spirit I know not — the very ghost of sound . . . a sort of morning song of praise to the Giver of Life and Maker of Music." Clifton.

The music of the sea and its vastness and grandeur strongly appealed to Alice. She loved the sea, and had many opportunities to enjoy it. Her happiest summer vacations were passed at Clifton, New London, and Southwest Harbor, and she had many enjoyable visits on the coast of New Jersey. She was a good swimmer and greatly enjoyed the surf. When sailing at Southwest Harbor she was knocked overboard, but swam to the float without assistance.

The following letter written at Southwest Harbor shows that she enjoyed life there: —

August 26, 1905.

MY DEAREST DADDY, — I've been having some pretty good sailing since you left. Yesterday I went out to Little Duck in Captain Moore's boat with the Egberts and Smiths from Montclair. We cooked our luncheon out there and then sailed home in time for supper. I have been out sailing several times. Is n't that fine? A tennis tournament has just ended between the men in the various hotels, and the representatives of the Stanley House won. Not so bad. Buck is having the time of his life fussing around the wreck down on the beach. He goes down and "bosses the job" for them — No doubt a great help.

Love to the dog Jack.

ALICE.

Alice was a member of the Episcopal Church. On Staten Island she attended St. James Church, and in Montclair, St. Luke's Church, where she





was confirmed on May 12, 1903. It was an impressive sight to see this beautiful girl, dressed in spotless white, receive the solemn ceremony of confirmation.

She had a great love for little children, and they, too, loved her. She was greatly interested in her class of seventeen little girls in the Sunday-School at St. Luke's. There was keen rivalry among them for the privilege of sitting next to their teacher. It was decided that the first to arrive at Sunday-School should have that privilege. This resulted in one of the little girls getting up at six o'clock in the morning in order to secure the seat of honor. After school was over they all wanted to hold their teacher's hands and walk with her, and she was greatly pleased by all these evidences of their affection. It was one of her greatest pleasures to entertain the class at her home. When failing health compelled her to give up her class in the Sunday-School, it was a great sorrow to her.

Alice's school life began at the age of six, when she attended Miss Banks' private school at West New Brighton, Staten Island. Later she went to the Staten Island Academy. There is a picture of the little Alice at the age of ten, taken in the sewing-class at the Academy, which shows her in the



foreground, with her hair in pig-tails, intent upon her work of preparation for the duties of later life.

When Alice first went to Montclair, in 1899, she entered the Grammar School, which she attended for two years. Then she passed to the High School, where she was in the class of 1905. She always took a great interest in her class and school, and was an enthusiastic follower of all athletic contests in which her schoolmates took part. It was thought best for her not to complete the course at the High School, so she left at the end of the school year in 1904, and during the following year took a course in drawing and painting at the New York School of Applied Design for Women, where she did some very creditable work. As it was feared that the trip to New York might be too tiresome for her, she took, in the following year, a course in the history of art at Miss Timlow's "Cloverside" School in Montclair. She derived a great deal of pleasure and instruction from this course, which aided materially in the development of her character.

Alice had a bright and quick mind, and a retentive memory. She was fond of reading. Milton, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Omar Khay-

yám, Richard Jefferies, Joaquin Miller, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, all appealed to her poetic nature, and her book of quotations contains selections from them all. She enjoyed particularly the writings of Dickens and Kipling, and her favorite short story was the Brushwood Boy.

The poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar which she liked the best were: "Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes"; "Life"; "The Rising of the Storm"; "The Seedling"; "The Mystery"; "Longing"; "Alice"; "Dawn"; "Why fades a dream"; and "To the Memory of Mary Young." In the last she could read the story of what was to be her own sad fate, and it is reproduced here.

"God has his plans, and what if we  
With our sight be too blind to see  
Their full fruition; cannot he,  
Who made it, solve the mystery?  
One whom we loved has fall'n asleep,  
Not died; although her calm be deep,  
Some new, unknown, and strange surprise  
In Heaven holds enrapt her eyes.

"And can you blame her that her gaze  
Is turned away from earthly ways,  
When to her eyes God's light and love  
Have giv'n the view of things above?

A gentle spirit sweetly good,  
The pearl of precious womanhood;  
Who heard the voice of duty clear,  
And found her mission soon and near.

"She loved all nature, flowers fair,  
The warmth of sun, the kiss of air,  
The birds that filled the sky with song,  
The stream that laughed its way along.  
Her home to her was shrine and throne,  
But one love held her not alone;  
She sought out poverty and grief,  
Who touched her robe and found relief.

"So sped she in her Master's work,  
Too busy and too brave to shirk,  
When through the silence, dusk and dim,  
God called her and she fled to him.  
We wonder at the early call,  
And tears of sorrow can but fall  
For her o'er whom we spread the pall;  
But faith, sweet faith, is over all.

"The house is dust, the voice is dumb,  
But through undying years to come,  
The spark that glowed within her soul  
Shall light our footsteps to the goal.  
She went her way; but oh, she trod  
The path that led her straight to God.  
Such lives as this put death to scorn;  
They lose our day to find God's morn."



Skating was a favorite pastime of Alice's, and she had plenty of opportunities to indulge in it on Verona and Crystal lakes.

Music had great charms for her, and she spent many happy hours at the piano. It was a great pleasure to hear her play, and every evening she filled the home with melody.

Dancing was also a great delight to her, and she was a graceful dancer. It was a pleasure to see her as she left home to attend the numerous parties to which she was invited, — a vision of loveliness, — and an equal pleasure to see her upon her return, sparkling with enthusiasm. She was of an essentially social nature, and delighted in social gatherings. She had a keen appreciation of humor, and was a bright and entertaining conversationalist. Her voice and manner of expression were most pleasing, and her open-hearted cordiality and enthusiasm won the love of old and young alike. It was natural, therefore, that she should have been a great social favorite and everywhere a welcome guest.

To enumerate all the good times she had would be impossible. The crowning climax of them all was her "coming-out" tea, on November 10, 1906. There could have been no greater proof of the estimation in which she was held by her many

friends than was given on this happy occasion. Alice herself said: "This is the happiest day of my life." Her home was banked with flowers, the gifts of many friends, and Alice insisted upon opening each box of flowers herself. She had the choice of giving a dinner, a dancing party, or a tea, and had chosen the last, saying: "Let us have a tea, by all means, Mother, for I want all your friends to be my friends." Referring to this occasion, a friend has written: —

"My thoughts often turn to the last time I saw Alice — sweet and gay with the happiness of that flower-decked afternoon — all alight as she was with the joy of living."

Another friend has written: —

"I shall always think of Alice as I saw her at her tea — the most radiant vision of girlhood I ever saw."

During this winter Alice's life was filled with gayety — dinners, luncheons, dances, bridge-parties, etc., being given her by her many friends.

The love and devotion of many fine young men were laid at Alice's feet, and among them was Rollin Morgan Batten, to whom she became engaged on February 23, 1906. He was a Harvard man, of the class of 1903, and a member of the Essex Troop. In September, 1907, he de-

cided to settle in the far West, where business obliged him to go, and he and Alice released each other from their engagement. Alice was always most loyal to him, and often said that he was one of the finest men she ever knew.

Alice never could have attained the strength and beauty of character which were hers, without the suffering through which she passed. She had two severe illnesses, the first when she was ten, and the second when sixteen. The day before Thanksgiving Day, in 1897, she had to submit to a serious surgical operation for the removal of a hardened gland from her neck. The operation was performed at the Smith Infirmary on Staten Island, by Dr. William C. Walser. The wonderful courage displayed by this heroic little girl of ten, in preparing for and undergoing this terrible ordeal, will never be forgotten. Her serene and beautiful face, as she took the hand of her devoted mother and passed to the operating-table, was wonderful to behold. For three long hours, which seemed an eternity, she was upon the operating-table, submitting to the operation which proved to be much more serious than was anticipated. A photograph of her, with her bicycle, taken the day before the operation, shows her delicate and serene face.

Her second severe illness was in 1903, when she had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. She was confined to her bed for several months, during which time she had to endure much severe suffering. Her heart was seriously affected by this illness, and ever afterwards the greatest possible care was taken of her. Although she seemed to regain her health and strength, and never lost her bright and happy disposition, it was evident that after this illness her thoughts turned more to the contemplation of serious things.

“Thou hast midst Life’s empty noises  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.”

“Early hath Life’s mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth  
With a deep and strong beseeching:  
What and Where is Truth?”

The summer of 1907 she spent at Southwest Harbor, Maine. On the way there she was taken ill in Boston, and was obliged to remain for several days at her mother’s former home in Cambridge, where she was tenderly nursed by her aunts. After her arrival at Southwest Harbor she was confined to her bed for some time, but was



finally able to get up and enjoy the beauty of the Maine coast which she loved so well. She greatly enjoyed the tennis which was played near the hotel. Bridge was also a great recreation for her, and she played it skilfully. She had a very happy summer in the place which she thought surpassed all others in beauty.

Upon the return to Montclair, in September, it was thought that a trip abroad would benefit Alice, and when it was decided that she was to go with her mother, and that their very dear friends and neighbors, Mrs. Taube and her daughter Marjorie, were to accompany them as far as Paris, Alice's joy knew no bounds. A specialist was to be consulted in Paris, and it was hoped that after this they might go to the south of France, and possibly later to Switzerland. They sailed on the Oceanic, of the White Star line, on October 23d, at 6 A. M., under the most favorable circumstances. They went on board the night before, and many friends saw them off. It was a gay scene, the ship all aglow with lights, and the voyagers were fairly laden down with books, flowers, and other gifts. All that was lacking was the touch of health upon the face of the dear Alice, and this, it was hoped, the voyage and the trip would bring.

On October 24th, at 11 A. M., this good news came out of the sea, by wireless from the Oceanic:—

“Warm and clear. Alice improving. All well. Great time. Love.

ADAMS — TAUBE.”

Extracts from letters of the devoted mother must now tell their sad story.

## ON BOARD OCEANIC

*Wednesday, October 23, 1907.* — I gave Alice an egg at 6 A. M., and she is now getting up (6.30). I have not heard her mention pain or ache.

To-day has been perfect. The sun has been glorious, and it has been as warm as on our piazza. We have been on deck all day.

Alice and Marjorie had luncheon on deck. Alice seems better, but still looks very frail.

*Thursday, October 24.* — Alice slept well. She and I played two rubbers of bridge with an Englishman and an Irishman from Londonderry.

*Friday, October 25.* — It has been a rough day. Alice seems to be improving, but to-night complains of a severe pain in her back.

*Saturday, October 26.* — Alice has been in bed all day. It seems to be rheumatic pains. Called in the ship's doctor. We put Alice directly to bed, and found that her temperature was 102°. She has been in great pain all day.

*Sunday, October 27.* — A sunny day. Alice has been in bed two days with a bad attack of rheumatism, and is pretty sick — not able to move at all.

*Monday, October 28.* — Alice is better — has sat up in a steamer chair an hour or more. Has also eaten well. I feel a decided change for the better has come.

*Tuesday, October 29.* — A heavenly day. Alice seems very miserable. She has some fever all the time, and is a little discouraged.

6 P. M. Alice's temperature is nearly normal. She seems brighter and better.

*Wednesday, October 30.* — 11 A. M. Alice up and feeling better. Landed at noon at Southampton.

#### SOUTHAMPTON

*Thursday, October 31.* — Alice improving and able to drive. Delighted with England.

We are in the cutest lodgings in Southampton, and Alice is decidedly better. The sun is shining and the air is soft and balmy. The flowers are all in bloom and the grass is green. Alice is going out to drive for an hour.

*Friday, November 1.* — Alice is better and all pain is gone. She had so improved that I went to London with Mrs. Taube and Marjorie, for a day and night, leaving Alice with the faithful stewardess of Oceanic.





*Massachusetts State House, Boston*



*Sunday, November 3.* — Returned to Southampton at 9 p. m., Alice not being so well.

*Monday, November 4.* — Took Alice to Miss Mocatta's Nursing Home, Grosvenor House, Grosvenor Square.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Alice to her sister Helen, on November 5, 1907:—

“Southampton is lovely. It has rows and rows of cute little cottages with cuter little gardens in front. And out in the country the thatched cottages are almost too like a picture to be real.

“There is a beautiful old gate here in the centre of the main street, a great stone arch, which is *very*, very old and very interesting, and a prison which looks as if it had been built forever.

“Give my love to Papa and to darlingest Bucko, and tell Papa that I won't laugh at him about England any more.”

*November 7.* — Alice is gaining steadily, Mrs. Taube and Marjorie left for Paris.

*November 8.* — Alice in less pain, and able for the first time to lie down in bed.

*November 9.* — Alice had a comfortable night and is sitting up in bed reading.

*November 10.* — Alice is gaining. Her pain has gone and she is very comfortable, but she still has a little temperature. She feels a little discouraged.

*November 11.* — Alice seems decidedly better. She has had no temperature for 24 hours.

*November 19.* — Alice sat up the very day I last wrote you, but it did her no good and she has not been so well since. Her temperature for two days has been 102 and 103. She seems to me like a very sick girl.

*November 22.* — Alice is no worse these last two days, perhaps a little better. She seems cheerful to-day, and was delighted at that part of your letter which said, "You must not come home until you have seen all you went to see — if it takes all winter." She said, "Tell my father he is a good sport, and I agree with him *absolutely*."

She is in bed all the time and has a milk diet, and is not strong enough even to sit up.

*November 26.* — It is all very sad here. Alice is very patient and good. Her temperature still goes up and down. Last night it was 101. However, to-day she seems a bit better to me.

*November 29.* — I felt yesterday that Alice was no better — perhaps not so well, so I decided to have a consultation, and called in one of the best physicians here. After a long consultation they decided that her trouble must be *endocarditis*. Poor little girl! I felt so used up that I could n't go in to talk to her for some time, and when I finally overcame my grief and despair, I went in and told her cheerfully as little as I could. She was all used up for a while and sobbed, but finally rose to the occasion bravely and has settled down to help conquer all that is possible. Her temperature goes from 99 to 102, and her head has ached terribly for ten days. She had a comfortable night last night, and this morning seems both cheerful and happy.

*December 2.* — Alice really seems a bit better the last two days. Her temperature has not been over 100 for 36 hours. So we are hoping, yet hardly dare to hope. I really think that she is gaining.

*December 3.* — Alice seems bright and cheerful to-day.



The following characteristic letter written by Alice will best show her condition and frame of mind at this time: —

December fifth, 1907.

DEAREST PAPA, — We are not leading a life of pure joy just at present, but I have no aches or pains and we are in a splendid place, so I suppose that we must be thankful for that.

When we get home I am going to get Bucko to give Mamma a few lessons in spelling. Did you see how she spelled guinea? ginnea!!! and when I laughed at her she said that she did think it looked more like the way you spelled ginnea-pigs!!!! And she meant it. She was perfectly serious. And I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

We are having wretched weather. It rains and blows all the time.

It seems to me that I shall *burst* if I can't get up and around and go somewhere and see something. Marjorie's letters have inspired me with a great wish to go to Paris, but, of course, I can't get out of bed for a month more, so it seems likely that I shan't see any more than these four green walls.

Bucko was pretty cute to shoot that rabbit, but I don't see how you could eat it. My menu consists of milk, or beef tea, or chicken broth, or cocoa every two hours. I dream at night of really

having something to EAT. I never did approve of these strict diets.

Mamma seems well, but she must be awfully tired of staying in this one spot. She never says so, and tries to keep cheerful in order to cheer me up as much as possible.

Love to you all,

ALICE.

O! Those hot brine baths!!

*December 6.* — Alice is only holding her own, if that. She does not suffer at all, except from weariness. I read aloud to her several hours a day, and we talk things over. She is still making plans to go to Paris. Her temperature goes from normal to 102 and 103, and her pulse is always over 100. Yesterday Dr. Ward said she must try not even to move in bed. She is so good and tries so hard to do everything that will help her to recover. She is just as brave and good as she can be. Of course, we have told Alice that she must rest in bed until after Xmas. It was hard for her and she cried, but at last accepted, and now talks of going to Paris in January.

*December 8.* — Alice seems to be losing ground.

*December 15.* — Pain has settled around Alice's heart, and it becomes necessary to give her mor-

phine at night. It is difficult for her to take nourishment.

*December 16.* — Alice seems to be failing. She does not realize how ill she is, but is *so* tired.



Dr. Ward and Miss Mocatta wisely insisted that more help was needed at this time, and a cable was sent saying, "Alice worse. Alarming. Can you come?"

On December 17th, at 4.30 P. M., I sailed from New York on the Oceanic. Captain Haddock watched for news from any passing liner, and when the Adriatic passed without any, it caused a feeling of relief. On December 23d, at 3.40 P. M., Purser Lancaster appeared with a marconigram which bore the welcome tidings, "Alice comfortable." The Oceanic arrived at Plymouth on December 24th, at 7 A. M., and I reached Southampton, by train, at 2.30 P. M. When I arrived, Alice was sitting up in bed, and her watchful eye had been the first to see my approach, from the window. She shed a few tears upon my arrival, but it was like an April shower, soon over. She had on a becoming blue wrapper, and her hair was done up in pig-tails tied with blue ribbons. She looked so much better than I had thought she would that it was a great relief, and I felt hopeful of her recovery. It was a great pleasure also to find her so comfortably situated at the Nursing Home. She had a large room, looking out upon a quiet square in the middle of which grew trees and shrubs, where

the many song-birds of England came to pay their tribute to the dear patient. She often spoke of the singing of the birds, which she greatly enjoyed. Her bed was so placed that she could, when she chose, look at the cheery open fire which burned all day long and at night when necessary. Every possible care and attention was bestowed upon her. Her mother slept in the same room with her during her entire illness. The attending physician was Dr. Howard Ward, and his partner, Dr. Powell, was called in consultation. Both were most skilful physicians, and were personally greatly liked by Alice, who had the utmost confidence in them. Alice also had the constant care of two most faithful and competent nurses, Miss Tindle by day, and Miss Schilling at night. Several times a day Miss Mocatta made cheery visits. Alice could not have been in the care of persons more agreeable to her. She was fond of them all, and they were devoted to her. It was a great privilege that we were able to stay in the Home, as it enabled us to be constantly at Alice's side.

The weather, with the exception of a few days at Christmas, when it was cold and chilly, was all that could have been desired. Most of the

time the air was balmy, there was no snow, and very little rain.

Sad as were the circumstances, it was a great privilege to spend Christmas Day with the dear Alice. She greatly enjoyed preparing the numerous little gifts which she had, from time to time, purchased through her nurses, and placing them in our stockings, which were hung on her mantel. Alice herself received many gifts and remembrances, and it was a happy day for the dear girl.

At first she seemed to improve, and we were able to cable home on December 31st that she was slightly better. Slowly but surely, however, her inability to retain food began to tell, and her strength gradually grew less.

She always had her best sleep in the mornings, and it was her custom to sleep until ten or eleven, and sometimes twelve o'clock. On the twenty-fourth anniversary of our marriage (January 9, 1908) we left Southampton at an early hour and went to Winchester, twelve miles away. After a most interesting visit there, we returned to find that Alice had awakened but a short time before our return. She had not forgotten the anniversary, and before our arrival had sent out for some beautiful jonquils. When we got back we

found her sitting up in bed writing on her card the following words to go with the flowers: —

*“With many happy returns of the day from  
Your loving*

ALICE.”

These were the last words her dear hand ever wrote.

She greatly enjoyed our delight over the surprise she had given us, and the excitement of the occasion gave her so much color and life that it made us hopeful again. It was a very happy day — alas! *our last happy day!* That night she failed greatly, and we feared that she would not live until morning, but her brave spirit rallied again. Although hope was almost dead within our hearts, it did not seem to be in hers.

On January 13th Dr. William Osler of Oxford was called in consultation. He devoted practically the entire day to Alice, giving her a thorough examination in the morning, and returning in the afternoon to see her again. He showed the wonderful skill which has placed him at the head of his profession, and with it great tact, infusing new courage into the dear patient. But alas! it was his sad duty to tell us that there was *no hope*.

On the following day a large basket of beau-



tiful flowers came to Alice from Dr. Osler, and throughout the rest of her illness he showed the greatest interest in her; and after the end, the deepest sympathy with us in our affliction.

It was suggested that as a last resort the Wright serum treatment might be tried, and Dr. Eastes of London was consulted, but it was decided not to experiment with it, as the end might only be hastened.

A cable came from Ward Cotton Burton, a most devoted friend, saying that he would sail from New York on January 11th, on the Philadelphia, due at Southampton on the 18th. He made the long journey, coming from his home in Minnesota, more than four thousand miles away, to be at Alice's side in her hour of peril, notwithstanding the sad news which reached him by cable just before he sailed saying that Alice was dying. He reached Southampton on Saturday, January 18th, and his coming brought new life and courage to us all, at a time when we stood in the greatest need of it. His presence and wonderful devotion were the crowning happiness of Alice's life.

Alice greatly enjoyed being read to, and several hours each day were devoted to reading, which she followed closely. Her fondness for

detective stories continued, and in spite of her physical weakness, her mind continued to be as keen as ever, and she followed the thread of the most intricate stories with her old-time sagacity and unerring judgment.

Her wonderful courage was always present, with the most uncomplaining patience and perfect willingness to do what was thought best for her. She was always cheerful, and often made witty remarks. She was fond of lying with her knees up, and when her father said to her one day, "Alice, what do you want to keep that great mountain in front of you for?" she said, "Why, don't you see, Father, that is a *Japanese* landscape."

It was most fortunate that she did not have to endure any severe suffering, but the long lasting fever, and the continually recurring nausea, and inability to retain food, slowly but surely wore down the brave spirit which was making a gallant struggle for life against such hopeless odds.

The daily fever ceased on the 20th day of January, after which the temperature was below normal, proof of her great weakness. After a good day she complained of feeling very sick in the evening, and the next morning said that she

felt very weak. She slept well for six hours during that day (21st).

On January 22d she seemed very weak. Her pulse was fairly good, but she seemed drowsy, and at 4.30 P. M. felt very sick and uncomfortable. She slept soundly the early part of the night, but was restless between 2 and 6 in the morning.

At quarter past five o'clock on the morning of January 23d she had a severe hemorrhage of the nose. We thought the end was coming. Dr. Ward was hastily summoned and responded quickly. He stopped the flow of blood most skilfully, but only after much difficulty. Here dear Alice gave a wonderful illustration of her great unselfishness and proof of her love for her devoted mother. Although her life's blood was rapidly flowing away, she had no thought of herself, but only of her faithful mother, who, overcome by the sight, had thrown herself, in a fainting condition, on her bed, where she thought Alice could not see her. I shall never forget the anxious look on Alice's beautiful face, as, utterly forgetful of herself, she turned on her bed towards her mother, saying: —

“Father! Mother feels faint. You better look out for her.”

It was a great relief to us when this fearful

flow of blood was stopped, and to hear the dear Alice say that she felt much better.

The next day (24th) Alice seemed comfortable, and she slept well that night for more than nine hours.

On January 25th she seemed very exhausted all day, and her pulse was weak. She had short sleeps during the night.

On Sunday (26th) she seemed comfortable. To interest her, some dresses which had been bought for her were taken out, and after admiring them she said, "I am afraid that I shall never wear a dress again." This was the first intimation that she had given that she did not expect to recover:

She insisted on being read to, as usual, and showed that she followed the reading closely. That night she slept well, but she became very much worse during the night.

The next day, Monday (27th), she was semi-conscious at times. This was the last day she was read to. She revived a little at 5.40 P. M. During the night, when her mother urged her to take some medicine, saying, "You know, Alice, we want you to get well for us," she said:—

*"I cannot live for you, but I can die for you. It's so much simpler."*



On Tuesday (28th) she was semi-conscious all day, and her pulse was imperceptible at times. Poland Spring water was all the nourishment she had been able to take for several days. At intervals she would regain consciousness and would be refreshed by sipping the water. She understood perfectly what was said to her at these times, and remained in full possession of her mental faculties until the end. There was the same patient willingness to do whatever she was told. We stayed with her continuously after 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning, doing all that could be done to make her as comfortable as possible, it being evident that the end was fast approaching.

At 6 o'clock, Thursday morning, she spoke for the last time, but only a few of the words could be understood.

At 7 o'clock the beautiful and gentle spirit passed peacefully away.

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“The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star —  
Clear, suddenly, and still.”

“As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed —  
Eternal as the sky.”

“Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.”

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On Friday, January 31, 1908, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the long, sad journey home began. It was a beautiful day, with bright sun and balmy air. Starting from the Nursing Home, the carriage bearing the casket slowly wended its way along the main street of Southampton, passing under the quaint old Bar Gate, which had so greatly interested Alice. No sadder hearts ever passed under this ancient gateway than those of the three mourners who followed their sacred dead. Great homage was paid that day by the people of Southampton to our dear Alice. Following the beautiful English custom, nearly every one on that busy thoroughfare showed his respect for the dead by lifting his hat or cap. Soldiers saluted, policemen did the same, and the conductors on the trams removed their hats. It was particularly touching to see the little boys, many of them poor and ragged, and the laborers, give this evidence of gentle refinement.

The American Consul, Colonel Albert W. Swalm, and his wife, kindly joined in escorting the dear body to its temporary resting-place on the dock of the White Star line.

On Friday evening the casket was placed on board the St. Paul, a ship worthy of bearing this precious burden. Through the rough winter

seas the St. Paul brought dear Alice back to her homeland.

The beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church was read, on the afternoon of Sunday, February 16, 1908, in the Chapel at Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston, Massachusetts, where many of Alice's dear relatives and friends had gathered. The service was read by Rev. Sumner M. Shearman, Rector of St. John's Church, Jamaica Plain, which Alice's father had attended when a boy. Once more the sun shone brightly, and its rays, passing through the stained glass windows of the Chapel, fell upon the surrounding palms and American beauty roses and other beautiful flowers which loving hands had placed upon the casket.

Two of Alice's favorite hymns were read, "Nearer my God to Thee," and "Abide with me, Fast falls the Eventide," and after a beautiful and impressive service the dear body was returned to the receiving tomb.

On Saturday, May 9, 1908, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the sad funeral procession which had started at Southampton, England, was resumed by the same three faithful mourners who began it three thousand miles away. The casket which contained what had been for twenty short



years the beautiful shrine of Alice's gentle spirit, was taken from the receiving tomb to the family burial plot on Alyssum Path. Each stroke of the bell which tolled twenty times, one for each year of the dear life which had passed away, rang deep into the hearts of the loving ones who were sorrowfully taking this last journey with their sacred and beloved dead.

The casket of English oak was placed in a concrete case, which will protect its precious contents as long as rock will last, and lowered into its resting-place, carrying with it the hearts of those who were left behind.

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## HER ROOM

*By Margaret Bartlett Cable*

This is her room. Let no one enter here  
Who enters not with brave-eyed cheerfulness.  
What though its silence wound thy heart anew  
And each dear object mock thy loneliness;  
What though the patient place her image lack,  
Is grief so selfish it would call her back?  
This is her room. Let no one enter here  
Who comes not in with loving cheerfulness.

Ay, this is still her room. Turn not away  
Till in thy heart is sweet assurance born  
That hence her presence has but seemed to fade,  
As some soft star fades in the blue of morn,  
And that her spirit hovers here to bless  
Our aching hearts with soothing tenderness.  
This is her room. Turn not away until  
Praise, love, and cheer are in thy heart new-born!

Her room at home has been kept as she left it.

## A FAVORITE HYMN

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be Thou near me;  
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;  
Listen to my evening prayer!

Let my sins be all forgiven;  
*Bless the friends I love so well:*  
Take us all at last to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

## ALICE

“Oh, who can forget the mild light of her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while —  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like, and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness, — the shade of its tear.”

“And the charm of her features, while over the whole  
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul, —  
And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems  
Murmured low in our ear by the Angel of dreams!”









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